

# Hoopmen Skin Rubes, 42 to 24



Hark back to those days of adolescent naïveté, when your little brain, with all its animal vigor, swirled and grew giddy with hero-worship, with an exaggerated fascination of masculinity. You propped your chin in both hands and gazed fondly at some hunched-over fullback poised in the act of lashing through a jumble of players with menacing fury . . . meaningless, but so meaningful, for then and there you nourished hopes of someday being like that; that picture was a symbol.

High school! You went out for the football team, for what other sport gave you such latitude in demonstrating your virility and masculinity? You envied the hero, as countless giggling lasses swarmed about him to lavish praises thereon, and an equal number of others shunned the jabbering masses to better exude their coyness.

High school ball was glorious, but ah, wait till you got to college! In the meantime, however, you were introduced to the coarseness of life, the incongruity and injustice of it. You groped and reeled back aghast when someone, during the course of a harmless discussion, leered, "College football? It's just a vicious big business!"

At first you tossed it off with a scoff of disbelief. Repeated comments of this flavor, however, soured you to skepticism. Then with youthful rashness, you damned the whole business. You degenerated into cynicism, which you nourished zealously until the tempering sobriety of maturity crept in.

## College Days Creep in

In due time you went to college. You harbored a gnawing scruple of conscience that college football was merely a big business, but a bit of rational thought and observation bred doubt in your mind as to whether this was the entire story. If football was just a vicious money proposition, why did all these lads toil hours a day in sweaty uniforms and uncomfortable harnesses for the scrawny, negligible material compensation they received?

No, there must be something more besides that in football. It must strike a fundamental note in people's natures. It must be an integral part of college life, for the fascination it holds for millions of people is unparalleled by any other sport, by many morsels on a college's academic schedule. Striving for excellence in football must be akin to struggling for supremacy in calculus or romance languages, but previous aspersions cast upon it make you vacillate between doubt and belief.

Then you run across some college football player like Duke Iverson, and the association dispells doubt. No, Iverson didn't make any All-American team; he wasn't clasped to the heart of INS' all-coast eleven; he wasn't even thrown the bone of an honorable mention on this all-coast selection. But he's the kind of a fellow that can convince you that football is more than a mean, capitalistic child.

## Iverson Is Credit to Sport

He has competitive spirit; he plays viciously but with the demeanor of a sportsman; he holds down a thankless position unbegrudgingly; he has the perfect football attitude. He is a fitting example for one who would argue from an intangible hypothesis to an equally intangible conclusion that football builds character. He is a living tribute to the sport, a reason why football is worthwhile.

Iverson was edged out of the all-coast quarterback post by George Peters of Oregon State, but for my money, the 200-pound Petaluma powerhouse is all-coast and better. Many a time he's slashed open the opposition for the brilliant dashes of Oregon's "Touchdown Twins," Curt (all-coast) Mecham and Tommy Roblin. In the Oregon-USC game, for example, Iverson swished down the field like a huge mop and splashed over two burly Trojans who threatened the zigzag path of Mecham's sensational 53-yard ramble after a pass interception, a run that set up one of Oregon's three touchdowns against Troy.

No, Iverson wasn't smiled upon by those who tabbed the season's standouts on the Pacific front, but he'd be on any kind of legitimate mythical team we'd name. He has those qualities that would lend eminence to any mythical team he would be named to, those extra but highly commendable qualities that augment brilliant playing, that should cause grid enthusiasts to look upon him as a "member of the 1941 Oregon football team . . . and then some."

## Wren Tops Webfoot Scorers In Wild, Rugged Hoop Brawl

By FRED TREADGOLD

It was revenge that the Oregon varsity got on Rubenstein's Oregonians last night at the Igloo, but not a particularly sweet revenge. The score was 42 to 24, partially evening up for the twin beatings administered by the Rubes last year, but the Webfoots looked anything but auspicious in carving out the win.

Raggedness of ball handling on both sides was marked, and at times the contest reached a wild, rough state.

In the first half the Ducks shone for a brief spell in counting up a prodigious lead while the Rube offense was dormant. With Bob Wren striking a "hot" streak in which he flipped in four field goals, the Webfoots inflated an 8 to 5 lead to 21 to 5 before the Rubes cracked the ice again.

### Sarpola Hits Hoop

"Kangaroo Ted" Sarpola finally smashed the scoreless hex with a beautiful lefthanded flip, coming from a fast break. Warren Taylor, who dropped in three baskets altogether, came through with one of his long one-handed specials to extend the count to 23-7.

Things were pretty much the way Oregon wanted them during that stretch of the tilt. Their fast break had the Rubes back on their heels most of the time.

Earl Sandness canned a lay-in for the last Oregonian score of the half, while Taylor countered with a rebound tip in the wake of a free throw conversion by Don Kirsch. Half time ended with a 26 to 9 margin for Howard Hobson's charges.

The long lead built up in the first half proved to be a life-saver for Oregon as they outscored the Rubes by one lone point, 16-15, in the second period.

### Butterworth Top Scorer

Jack Butterworth, former George Washington star who was awarded high-point honors for the game with 13, tossed in nine Oregonian points during the final half. He and Sarpola provided what scoring impetus there was for the Rubes after Center Earl Sandness was taken from the game with an eye injury.

The Oregonians employed a floating zone which, although not very baffling to Oregon, kept the Ducks from driving into the basket. As a result the Webfoots had to rely mainly on long shots.

### Wren Oregon's Star

Sophomore Wren was again Oregon's outstanding player. Offensively he was tops and his rugged backboard work compared favorably to that of the dependable "Porky" Andrews.

All eleven players who will make the trip east saw service. Again the scoring was well distributed with only Bob Newland, sophomore forward-guard, failing to ring up a counter.

## Curt Mecham Selected On INS All-Coast Team

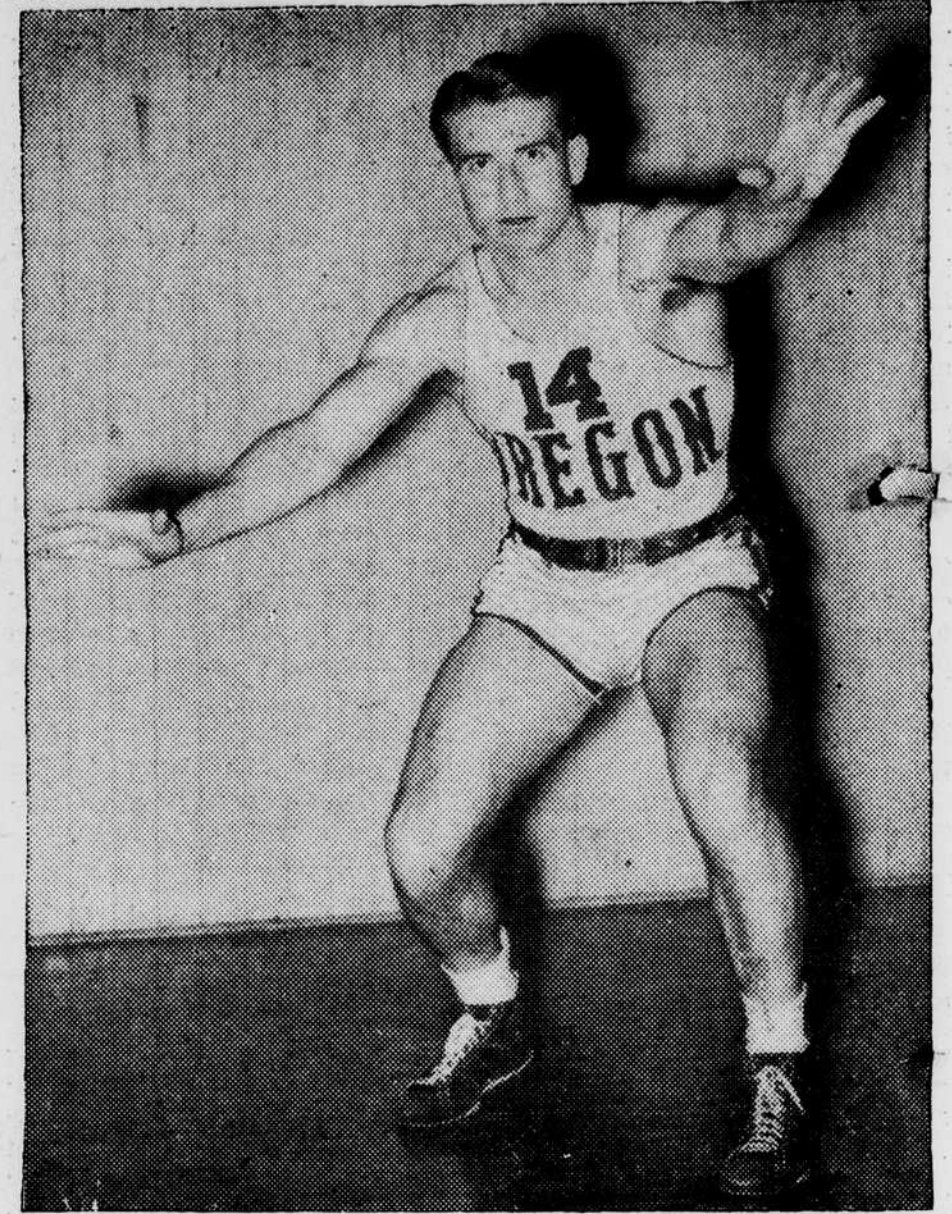
Curt Mecham, versatile Oregon back was picked on the International News Service's All-Coast first team, it was announced Tuesday.

Tommy Roblin, Mecham's running mate, garners a spot on the second team.

The Northwest grabbed a total of six places on the first team, and five on the second.

### Mecham on Several

With All-American teams pouring in from all over, Mecham has landed on several. He was picked by Fox Movie Tone as one of



The game was the second and last home appearance of the varsity prior to its return from the eastern invasion December 24. The northern division conference opens in Eugene with the Ducks playing the defending champions, Washington State, January 9 and 10.

### Summary:

Rubenstein's (24)	FG	FT	PF	TP
Danner, f	0	1	3	1
Butterworth, f	5	3	0	13
Wilson, f	0	0	0	0

Besse, f	0	0	0	0
Sandness, c	1	0	1	2
Craig, c	0	0	0	0
Sarpola, g	3	0	1	6
Saloman, g	1	0	3	2
Hansen, g	0	0	2	0
Totals	10	4	10	24

### Oregon (42)

Oregon (42)	FG	FT	PF	TP
Fuhrman, f	2	0	2	4
Wren, f	4	2	3	10
Newland, f	0	0	0	0
Taylor, f	3	0	1	6
Christiansen, f	1	0	0	2
L. Jackson, c	1	1	1	3
Marshik, c	1	0	2	2
Andrews, g	3	2	0	8
P. Jackson, g	1	0	0	2
Kirsch, g	1	1	0	3
Maynard, g	1	0	1	2
Totals	18	6	10	42

Halftime score: Oregon 26, Rubenstein's 14.

Officials: Carl Lenchisky, referee; Frank Henneges, umpire.

Michigan State College—Campus figure is 51-year-old Sammy Esky, Hungarian immigrant, who for the last eight years has made his living selling midnight snacks to the local fraternity houses. From 8 to 11 o'clock nearly every night Sammy makes the rounds of the houses selling ice cream, apples, candy, and other tidbits.